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Wandering Star
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Book Eleven

Wandering Star

Book Eleven

by Teri Sue Wood

Well, Hi'yaz!

Boy, is this gonna be an interesting editorial. I have a lot ta tell yaz, so why don't ya grab a cup of coffee and plop down in a comfortable chair. Well, at least do the comfortable chair thing, because I'd feel so much better if you were sitting down before you read everything I'm planning to tell you today.

Okay, I guess I should just do it. Here goes: as of this issue, I will no longer be self-publishing ***WANDERING STAR.*** I've signed a contract with ***SIRIUS ENTERTAINMENT***, and they'll be publishing the rest of the series, and ***DARKLIGHT*** when it comes out.

I bet that announcement knocked a few socks off.

Okay, before I go into the reasons why I think this is such a good idea on my part, I want to talk a moment about the support packages. An amazing amount of people came to my aid when they realized PEN & INK was sinking. At the time, I was also going through some major changes in my life, and I was very unsure of who I was, and a bit floored over how I was able to go so long without realizing what a mess my "real" life was. So, I want you all to know, and never doubt, that your help was deeply appreciated. Books Nine, Ten and Eleven would have never seen print without you, and your very, very kind letters... Well, instead of getting all mushy, let's just say, "you've all been adopted by me now." and get on with business

Okay, to answer the question of why Teri S. Wood, after years of publisher-bashing, would sign with the guys at ***SIRIUS ENTERTAINMENT***, I offer you the following four reasons....

REASON NUMBER ONE: I, Teri S. Wood, am one heck of a lousy business woman. Trust me when I tell ya that. I was just completely awful. Not to even mention how much time it took to do it. Whoof! Anyway now the poor saps,...ahem, I ***mean*** those sweet, wonderful guys down at ***SIRIUS*** get to do all that stuff. Wheeee! I'm free! I'm free!

REASON NUMBER TWO: no matter how hard I tried, ***WANDERING STAR***'s audience wasn't growing. And, if I wanted to survive in this business, it was going to have to do that. But nothing I was doing seemed to help. Sigh. Anyway, I had noticed that the guys at ***SIRIUS*** seemed ta have a knack at doing that sorta stuff.

REASON NUMBER THREE: I still have complete control over my book. That was the thing I was most worried about and I got it. Heck, it's even in my contract! Yep, I am still lord and master over all I survey! Yee-hah-hah! I still get ta do all my weird stuff, and my missing kids, and everything. Pretty cool, eh?

REASON NUMBER FOUR: I have enough money now to hire poor ol' Tru to be my full time art asssistant, and pay her real money and everything, so's that I can go **MONTHLY** on ***WANDERING STAR!!!*** Yep, ya heard that right, **monthly!** I've been wanting to do that from day one, and never could pull it off, so you can bet that I'm really jazzed about that. Anyway, starting with this ish, Tru Villalobos has been filling in all my blacks and laying down my Teri-fied zip-a-tone.

Yes, ya heard that right, too. I've been using zip-a-tone. Since Book Eight, actually. Heh heh heh. It's not "real" zip, though. I spent three days doing basic dot patterns so I could copy them on to architectural repo-paper, and make my own zip. I didn't want it to look "artificial" you know? I take a lot of pride in the fact that no one's seems to have noticed yet.

Anyway, now that Tru's doing my blacks and laying my zips, I can finally step into the monthly zone. Yippie!

Anyway, all this stuff will go into effect in May, so, yes, there will be a wee little delay between Eleven and Twelve. And when Twelve comes out, remember to look for it in the ***SIRIUS*** section of your friendly, neighborhood comic shop. **Okay?** Thanks!

Oh yeah! For those of you who have subscriptions with me, don't panic, I will be finishing all of them up, but I will not be taking any more subs, or extending any current ones that run out before the last ish. Sorry.

Anyway, onward to other stuff.

So, notice anything...different about the cover? Well, it's like dis. Those starscapes were really cool in the beginning of ***WANDERING STAR***, but I was kinda running out of ways ta do'em. Book Seven and Eight are prime examples of this. Boy, are they awful. And, I was sorta planning on moving in that direction anyway, by adding a little more every ish, starting with Nine's, until I got here, but when I came to this issue's cover, I said, "oh, what the heck?" and decided to bite the bullet. What can I say, I'm just not the patient type.

So, how was your holiday? Mine was just plain weird. But, hey, weird is good. Tru and I spent part of it with her brother and his kids, and another part with my sister-in-law, Ariana and my little sweet'ims, Daymond Alexander. The rest of it we just sorta did whatever struck our fancy. We bought lotsa Christmas CD's, all sorts of interesting food-stuffs and about a pound of chestnuts. Now, neither of us had a clue what to do with chestnuts, save what the song says, you know, "roasting on an open fire", but I figured that since I have about a hundred cook-books, one of them HAD to have a recipe right? Nope. Nada. Not a thing. So, in a fit of desperation, I decided to fax all the stores on my fax number list and ask them if anybody knew what ta do with the darn things. (Yes, I do this kinda thing often. And, I'm sure that they all think I'm insane. But hey, at least insanity isn't boring.) Anyway, it would'a been a good plan, but a day later we left to go spend two days with Ari and Daymond. And we left the dogs in, 'cuz it was cold, and we're not really bright sometimes.

I should probably explain here that Tru brought home another dog. A Collie/German Shepard mix. Him and Simba, her giant chow/retriever mix get along famously. Yep, they do. But, have you ever seen two big dogs play? It's scarey. And we left them in the house unsupervised.

The last day at Ariana's I thought it would be funny if she called my house and heard my answering machine message. So, she dials the phone, waits a moment and says to me, "Hey, Teri, you're line's busy."

"Oh, don't worry." I say, "I faxed the stores a question. I'm probably getting a fax in. Call again in a few minutes."

She did and it was still busy. It was still busy an hour later, and by then I was pretty sure that I wasn't, like, getting in the longest fax in history, so we go home...

I'm still not sure what happened. The fax machine was by the door, and the receiver was outside. And, I told myself two things. One was that I would "not kill the doggies. Teri loves the doggies. Yes, she does. Do not kill the doggies." And two, "Do not ever, never-ever, leave them @#$-darn dogs in the house alone, EVER again!!!!"

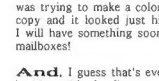
Anyway, to all of you that may have tried to fax me the answer to my chestnut question, thanks, and sorry about the busy-signal.

Oh, and I still need that answer kids. Puh-lease? Pretty please?

Let's see, what else did I have ta tell yaz? Oh yeah, **RETAILERS!!!** On that display contest? It's still cool. Being at ***SIRIUS*** hasn't changed a thing. Send me your picture by March 31st and maybe you'll win some of the stuff I talked about last ish.

Okay, onward to my OLIVER FOR PRESIDENT stuff!!! I widdled my entries down to the top three, and finally picked Troy Hickman's **Repurrr**'blicans as Oliver's party name. Second and third choices were Eric Bergland's **Felis Domestica Psittaciformes (No Dogs Allowed)**, and Allen Giglio's **Litter-arians**. Thanks guys, that was a lot of fun. And sorry about the delay getting the buttons to ya, but my first idea of doing a color button of Oliver crashed and burned. I was trying to make a color copy of a color copy and it looked just hideous. Ah well. I will have something soon, so watch your mailboxes!

And, I guess that's everything. See ya in May with the first monthly book from ***SIRIUS ENTERTAINMENT!!!***



Teri Sue Wood

PS: Several cities in California have declared the first week of May DYSLEXIA AWARENESS WEEK. And, yeah, I know it's not May, but I might miss it by a few days when Book Twelve comes out, so I'm mentioning it now.

Anyway, in keeping with that theme, I've decided to touch on the subject of Dyslexia. I didn't know much about the subject until last February when I discovered that--Holy Moly Cow--I *was* dyslexic. What a shocker. Anyway, the first thing I found out is you can be dyslexic without seeing "B"s where the "D"s are. I also found out that every dyslexic is different, and it's just our trouble dealing with "language" that makes us stand out as a group. I was actually going to drop out of school, because I still could not read by age 11. Dah da dahhh. There I said it. I almost didn't. It's a bit

embarrassing, as I'm sure you can imagine. But, anyway, it made life interesting, and I can't help but think, that if I had only *known* why I was having so much trouble with them @#$ words, things would have been much easier. So, with that thought in mind, and in hopes of helping somebody out there, I'm gong to quote the main characteristics of Dyslexia as stated in the ORTON DYSLEXIA SOCIETY pamplet. Please keep in mind, though, every dyslexic is different. They don't have to have all the characteristics. Some can't do math, some are math whiz kids. Look at Einstein. He was dyslexic.

CHARACTERISTICS THAT MAY ACCOMPANY DYSLEXIA

1. Lack of awareness of sounds in words--sound order, rhymes, or sequence of syllables.
2. Difficulty decoding words--single word indentification.
3. Difficulty encoding words--spelling.
4. Poor sequencing of numbers, of letters in words, when read or written, e.g: b-d; sing-sign; left-felt; soiled-solid; 21-12.
5. Problems with reading comprehension.
6. Difficulty expressing thoughts in written form.
7. Delayed spoken language.
8. Imprecise or incomplete interpretation of language that is heard.
9. Difficulty in expressing thoughts orally.
10. Confusion about right or left handedness.
11. Similar problems among relatives.
12. Difficulty in mathmatics--often related to sequencing of steps or directionality or to the language of mathematics.

If you're interested in finding out more about dyslexia, write to the ORTON DYSLEXIA SOCIETY, Chester Building/Suite 382, 8600 Lasalle Road, Baltimore, MD 21286-2044. You might also want to ask them if they have a local branch in your area.

There are also some good books on the subject, which I still find very funny. You pretty much have to read to find out about dyslexia, and dyslexics generally can't read. Sigh. Ah well, if anybody out there knows about a good audio-cassette on the subject, I'd love to know about it.

And that's all for this ish.

WANDERING STAR Book Eleven, copyright (c) Teri S. Wood, January 1996. No material may be copied or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the written consent of the creator, except for review purposes. Try it and I'll go down to the post office and fill out a change of address form for ya, sending all of your mail to Marvel Comics. Yee-heh-heh!
WANDERING STAR published by PEN & INK COMICS, Box 817, Banning, CA 92220-0817.

Oh! Quick note!
Mark Brooks - are ya out there? I need your address!
Thanks! TERI

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And for those of ya who just read the trade...

What Has Gone Before...

Book Eight: The **WANDERING STAR** has fallen to the Bono Kiro, and Graikor is dead. Much to Casandra's surprise, two defense lasers lower themselves from the ceiling. Elli, the energy being living in the ship's computer, declares that she will defend them all when the Bono Kiro board the ship. Casi, tired and grieving, tells her that it's a waste of time. "The Bono Kiro will come looking for a fight."

"From you maybe, not from the *SHIP*." Elli replies, and Casandra realizes that that just might be their "ace in the hole" and and tells Madison and Elli that she has "a plan."

Three guards from the Bono Kirian ship board. They are cold, and emotionless as they take Casandra and Madison captive.

As she's led off the ship, Casandra glances back just in time to see the last guard incinerate Graikor's body with a laser, leaving only a scorched bit of floor where he once was.

Casi and Madison are separated, and do not see each other again.

It's a long trip for Casandra. Locked alone in a dimly lighted room, not knowing where she's going, or what's happening to Madison, or what will happen to her. It ends with the swoosh of the door opening. And in marches Commander Narz. He is dark-witted, and cynical, and he seems to know everything about her. And he's here, he says, to take her to her father. Unable to do anything else, Casandra follows with little resistance.

On the ship that will take her to Earth, Casi asks Narz about his emotionless guards. He tells her about a wonderful new invention called the "Tul'sar". When inserted into the brain, as in this case, the "Vrool", a sub-race from his home-world, supresses all emotions. The Bono Kirian Empire then trains them into fearless, merciless warriors. "Glorious to see in battle."

They land on Earth. They leave the ship, and are immediately attacked by Earth rebel forces. Much to Casandra's surprise, it turns out be her friends from Earth. But, unfortunately, they don't know what they're doing, and David is fatally shot. He dies shortly afterwards, in Casandra's arms.

BOOK NINE: Narz talks quietly with a guard, as Casandra sits stunned, with the lifeless body of her friend still in her arms. Then gently, Narz takes Casandra by the arm and leads her away, to the car that will take her to her father.

They arrive, and Casandra is taken aback by how changed, and yet unchanged, everything is. Going upstairs she notices "Tul'sared" humans in the house, and dreads what she may find when she see's her father. But when Narz opens the door to his study, it is not a prisoner she finds. To her horror, she discovers that her father has signed an agreement with the Bono Kiro, to stand with them during the war to take over the Alliance. She also discovers that the prisons on earth have been emptied, and it's prisoners turned into 'tul'sar" servants for Earth and the Empire.

It's too much for her and Commander Narz suggests to her father that she should be taken to her room to rest. Her father agrees.

As Narz takes her to her room, Casandra goes from shock, back into anger, and tells the Commander that he can expect to lose this war to the Alliance, just like the last one. Narz smiles and tells her the truth about the first war, and Casandra realizes for the first time that the Alliance might indeed lose this war.

Before she can escape into her room, Narz stops her and tells her that she has a "gift" waiting for her inside. Her own personal Tul'sar Servant. Then he leaves, and going cautiously inside, she finds Mekon.

BOOK TEN: Finding Mekon there, on top of everything else, is quite a shock. Images rush forward into her mind, of the Academy, of the prejudices she'd faced there, and of Mekon and all the horrid little things he'd done. She'd hated him, but now, looking into that blank, emotionless face, all she could think of was how completely her life had been ripped to pieces. How nothing, not the good or the bad, still existed. Nothing would ever be the same again.

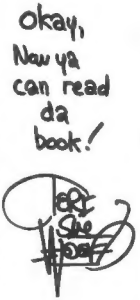
Staring into that oblivion, her mind thought also of Elli and Madison, and of the plan she'd formulated, so quickly and desperately, back there on the ship when they'd been captured. Would it even work? Or had she doomed both Elli and Madison with her foolishness. Staring up into the dark ceiling of her room, she prayed to God, but only silence answered. Having no one else to turn to, she swore to herself, that somehow the plan would work. That Elli and Madison would be all right. And they would escape. Somehow. Some way.

The next morning, she awoke, and followed by the Tul'sared Mekon, went in search of food and answers. After a quick breakfast, she found Commander Narz in the Greenhouse, holding a small, delicate flower.

She finds out that he heard about her troubles with Mekon from her letters to her father. She also learns far more about the mind of the Bono Kirian people than she could ever wish to know. "Destruction," says Narz, "is the way of the Universe. You either use it, or be used by it."

He smashes her with his argument, and then when he feels she is weakest, asks her why his people cannot get the WANDERING STAR to work for them. How had she managed to lock them out? And dangling the threat of Madison's well-being before her, asks her how they can unlock it.

Casandra struggling for calm, tells him that they'll need both of them, Madison and herself to unlock the ship. And after a moment, Narz agrees.



Thank you!

Michael Skidmore
Dave Flowers
Bill Lampe
Erol Yavuz
Gary S. Koshi
Chandra Curtain
Eric Luczaj
Trey Alexander
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For all your help and support.
You'll never know how much
it was appreciated.
My best wishes to you,
and may all of your dreams
come true.

Teri Sue Wood

YOU KNOW...
...IT'S EASY TO HAVE FAITH IN A PLAN,
...WHEN IT'S HERE, IN YOUR HEAD.
BUT IT'S ANOTHER THING ALTOGETHER...
...WHEN YOU'RE BETTING SOMEONE'S LIFE ON IT.

"ANOTHER THING ALTOGETHER, INDEED."
Sigh.
SO, MEKON, I'M RISKING EVERYONE ELSE.
WANT TO COME ALONG?
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.
SWOOSH
I AM VAL.
YOU WILL COME WITH ME.

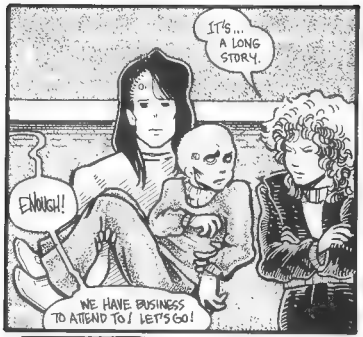
CAN'ON, MEKON.
HI. THIS IS MEKON, MY TULSAR SERVANT
WHERE I GO, HE GOES.
VERY WELL.
GALKORI IS WAITING.
I... GUESS IT'S SHAN TIME.
IT WILL WORK.

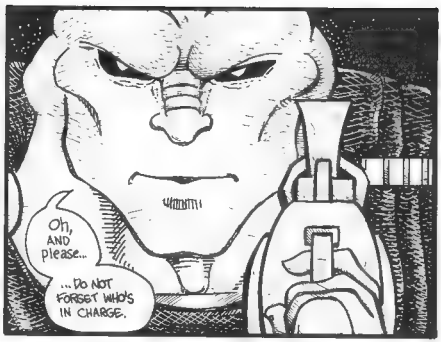
"IT WILL WORK."
Sigh.

WANDERING STAR
MM...
MADISON?
click
MADISON?

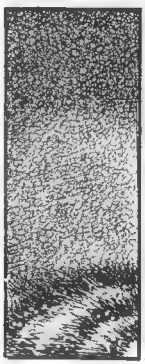
K...
...CASANDRA...?
GIVE HIM TO ME, YOU MONSTER!
CASE...??
UM.
IT'S OKAY, MADISON.
I'VE GOT...
UM.
YOU'RE... A WHOLE LOT HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT
OH DEAR.
CRASH
Hello Casandra.
Hi.
ARE YOU... WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HEAD?
NOTHING. IT'S FOR MY HELMET.
OH.
GOD WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
YOU LOOK AWFUL.
I'LL LIVE.
SAME AS YOU.
I
I'M SORRY.
I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CONTROL OVER MY EMPATHY LATELY.
MADISON. IT'S OKAY.
WE'RE FRIENDS.
Hey Toughing.
GALORS

NOW...
...IF YOU'RE DONE WITH YOU LITTLE REUNION...
...WE CAN GET ON WITH BUSINESS.
BAEL, PICK UP THE CRIPPLE
NO!!
DON'T TOUCH HIM!
CAST...
CHILD!
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR...
THEN LET MY TULSAR SERVANT CARRY HIM. AT LEAST HE'S ONE OF US.
VERY WELL.
TULSAR SERVANT?
MEKON.
COME HERE AND PICK UP MADISON.
MEKON?!
...MEKON..?
GODS.

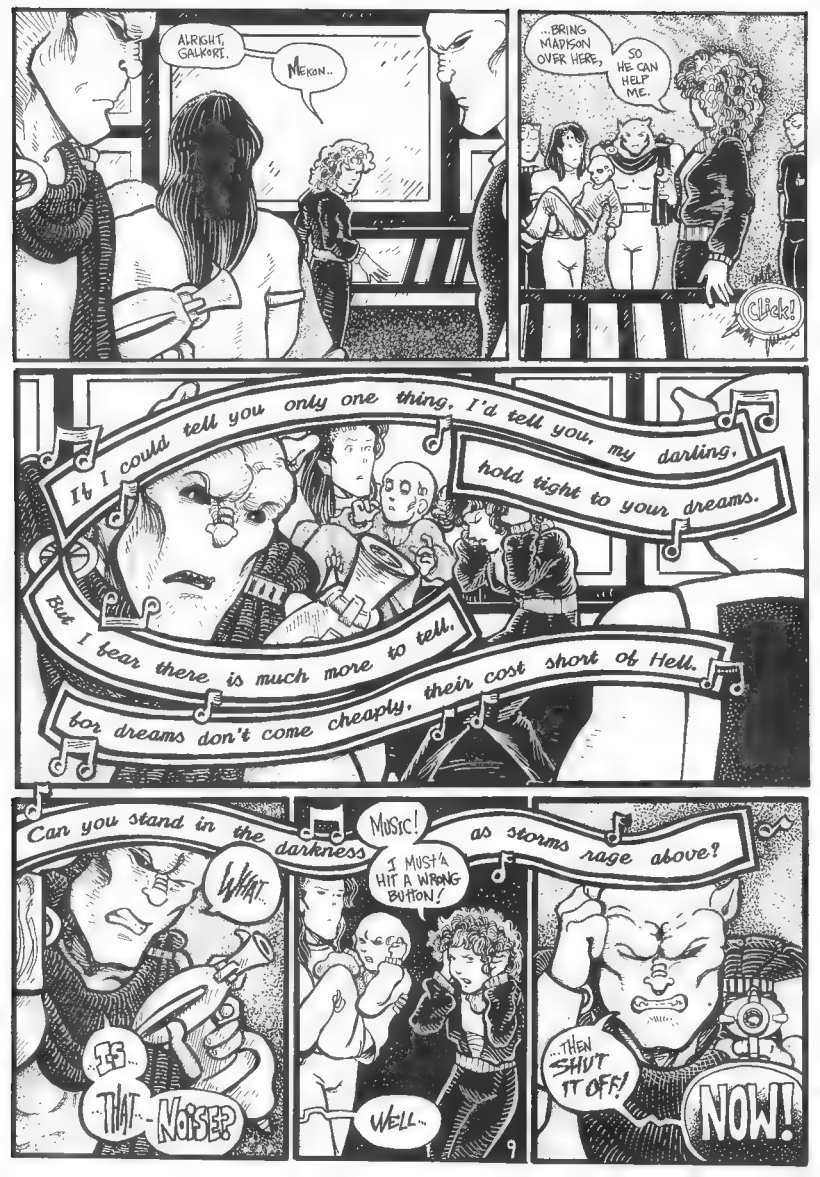

IT'S... A LONG STORY.
ENOUGH!
WE HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO! LET'S GO!


OH, AND please...
...DO NOT FORGET WHO'S IN CHARGE.

SWOOSH!

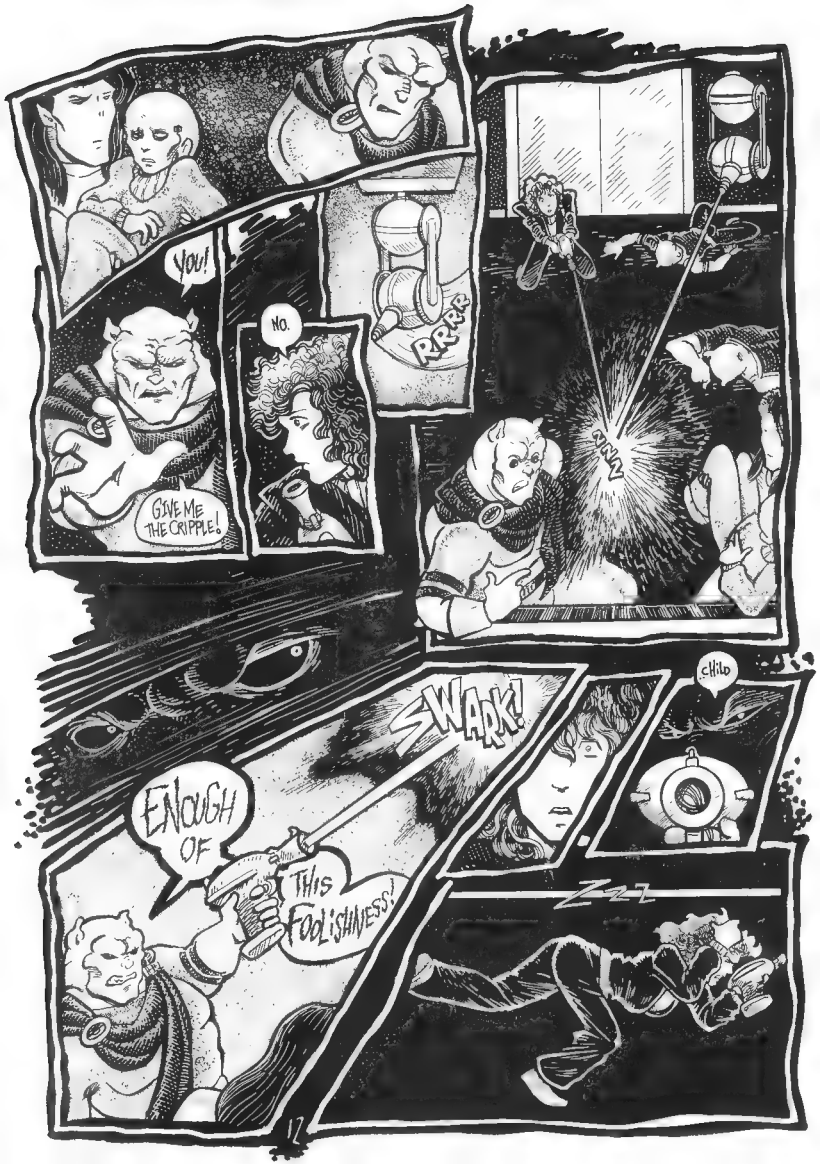


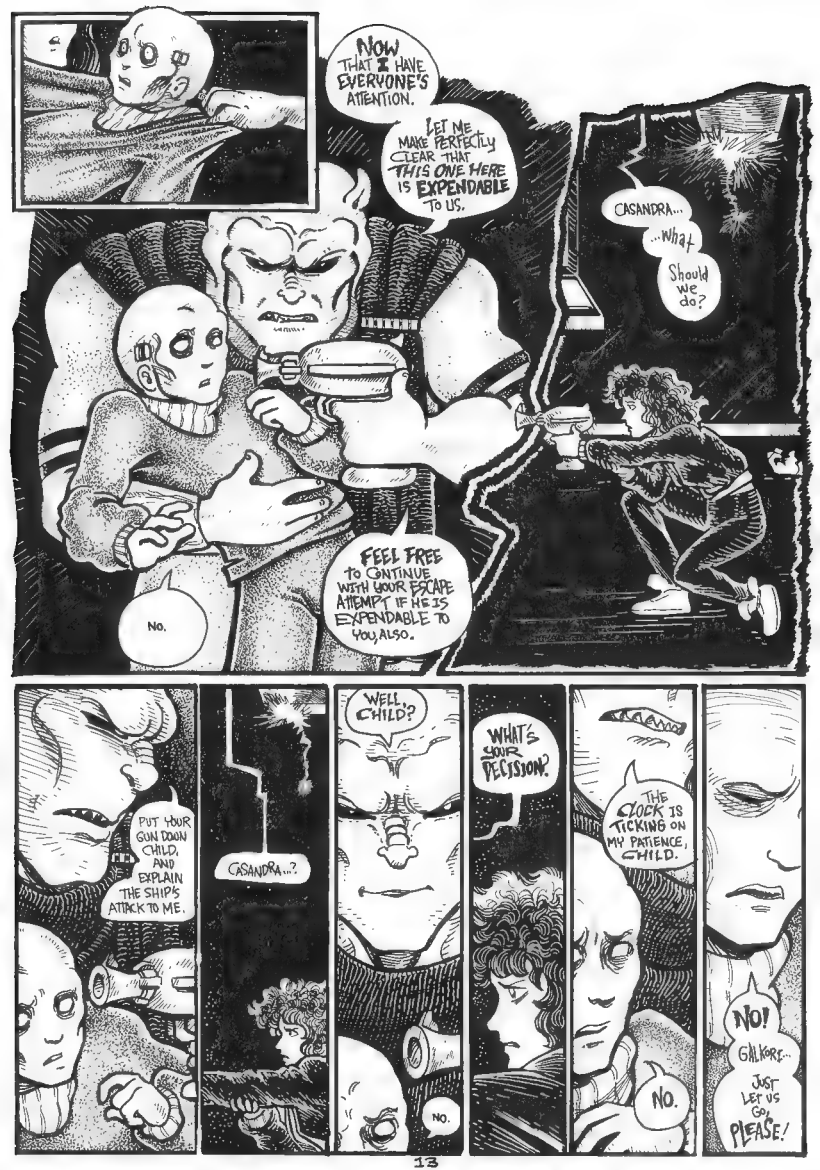
CHILD, GET ON WITH IT.


ALRIGHT, GALKORI.
MEKON..
..BRING MADISON OVER HERE,
SO HE CAN HELP ME.
Click!
If I could tell you only one thing, I'd tell you, my darling,
hold tight to your dreams.
But I fear there is much more to tell.
for dreams don't come cheaply, their cost short of Hell.
Can you stand in the darkness
as storms rage above?
WHAT..
IS..
THAT
NOISE?
MUSIC!
I MUST'A HIT A WRONG BUTTON!
WELL..
..THEN SHUT IT OFF!
NOW!
9

Be titled the fool by those...
ALRIGHT.
...that you love?
CLICK!
GOOD. NOW YOU CAN CONTINUE WITH...
Eh?

COME HERE YOU...!!
HOW, CHILD?
RRRR
HOW DOES THE SHIP ATTACK US?
AA-


YOU!
GIVE ME THE CRIPPLE!
NO.
RRRRR
ZZZZZ
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!
SWARK!
CHILD
ZZZ


NOW THAT I HAVE EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.
LET ME MAKE PERFECTLY CLEAR THAT THIS ONE HERE IS EXPENDABLE TO US.
CASANDRA...
...WHAT
SHOULD WE DO?
FEEL FREE TO CONTINUE WITH YOUR ESCAPE ATTEMPT IF HE IS EXPENDABLE TO YOU, ALSO.
NO.
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN CHILD, AND EXPLAIN THE SHIP'S ATTACK TO ME.
CASANDRA...?
WELL, CHILD?
NO.
WHAT'S YOUR DECISION?
THE CLOCK IS TICKING ON MY PATIENCE, CHILD.
NO.
NO!
GALKORE...
JUST LET US GO, PLEASE!

HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH
Well, that was AMUSING! Now—CHILD DECIDE.
VERY GOOD.
Now...
YOU WILL EXPLAIN TO ME, IN DETAIL, EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED HERE.
No. She won't.
Because I can't let you win.
WHAT?
I CAN'T.
I'M SORRY.

NO! GODS!
why?
WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST...
...JUST...
...JUST...
GODS!
...why?
Madison..?
NO CASI!
STAY BACK!
IT'LL TAKE AWHILE BEFORE I'M SAFE AGAIN.

CASANDRA?

IS MADISON...?

...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE ESCAPE.

LIKE WE PLANNED.

MEANWHILE...

SO, THAT'S WHERE OUR LEADERS STAND, NARZ.

FOOLS!

I WANT TO FINISH THIS WAR WITHOUT THE KEKAKOPOLOUS.

I AGREE. BUT OUR LEADERS ARE IMPATIENT.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

HOLD ON A MOMENT, ZAKORA.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS IS CALLING.

SAMUAL.

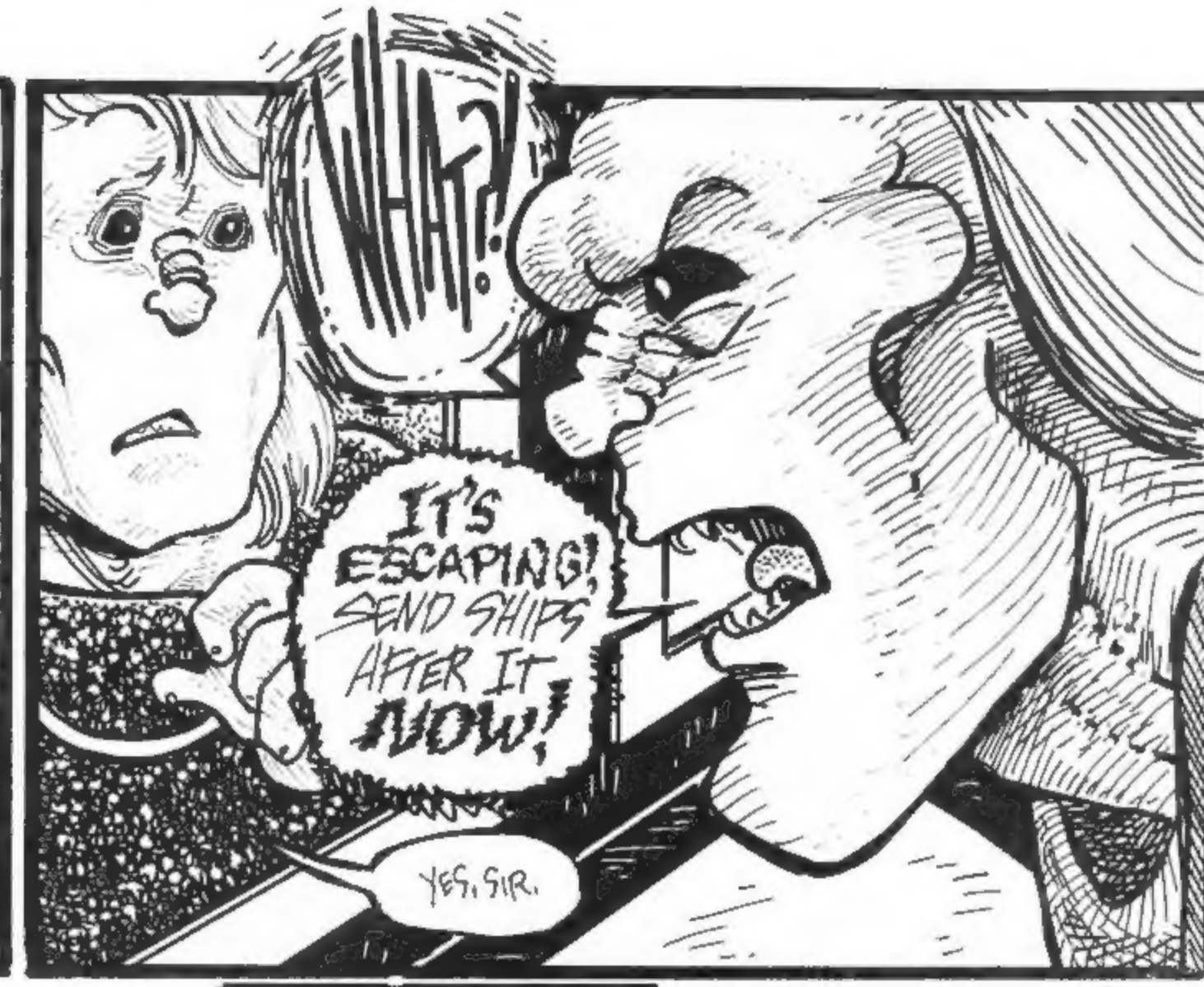
HOW ARE YOU ENJOYING YOUR TOUR OF OUR COMMAND SHIP, STAR-CRUSHER?

NARZ, WE NEED TO TALK.

WHY, OF COURSE, SAMUAL.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
NARZ... WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE ON EARTH?
I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT YOUR WAR SUPPLIERS HAVE JUST UP YOUR CUT OF EARTH'S FOOD SUPPLY UPPED ANOTHER THREE PERCENT.
Really.
YES!
NARZ! HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN WITHOUT YOU CONSULTING WITH ME FIRST?
WELL, THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD ABOUT IT. IF I HAD TO MAKE A GUESS, I'D SAY OUR SUPPLIERS ARE BEING A BIT OVERZEALOUS IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO FEED OUR TROOPS.
OVER-ZEALOUS.
NARZ, I AGREED TO KEEP EARTH OUT OF THIS WAR.
AND I ALSO AGREED TO LET YOUR WAR SUPPLIERS TAKE WHATEVER SURPLUS YOU CREATED WITH YOUR ENVIRONMENTAL IMPROVEMENTS ON EARTH, UNTIL THE END OF THIS WAR.
BUT YOUR SUPPLIERS ARE ALREADY PULLING 5% OVER THAT SURPLUS.
I DID NOT AGREE TO STARVE THE PEOPLE OF EARTH!
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T, SAMUAL.
YOU HAVE MY WORD THAT I WILL LOOK INTO THIS PERSONALLY.
WE CAN DISCUSS MY FINDINGS AND WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE TO RECTIFY THIS SITUATION WHEN YOU RETURN NEXT WEEK.

ALRIGHT.
VERY GOOD.
NARZ OUT.
CLICK!
Sigh.
CLICK!
ZAKORA.
DID YOU HEAR ALL THAT?
Yes.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE A LEAK.
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT IT GETS FIXED.
GOOD.
I NEED TO KEEP THINGS QUIET, AND PRESIDENT ANDREWS PACIFIED, FOR A WHILE LONGER.
AS LONG AS HE'S "WITH US."
THE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE ON EARTH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH US.
I PREFER TO KEEP IT THAT WAY UNTIL THE ALLIANCE FALLS.
UNDERSTOOD?
ZAKORA OUT.
BEEP! BEEP!
What now?

YES.
WHAT IS IT?
SIR.
WANDERING STAR HAS LEFT THE DOCKING BAY, AND IS NOT ANSWERING HAILS.
DID GALKORI PLAN TO TEST HER ENGINES ONCE THE COMPUTER...


WHAT?!
IT'S ESCAPING! SEND SHIPS AFTER IT NOW!
YES, SIR.

FORGIVE ME, SIR!
IT'S JUST THAT, GALKORI...
...IF WE'D FIRED ON THAT SHIP...
...AND HE'D...

YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN WISER TO HAVE WORRIED ABOUT ME.

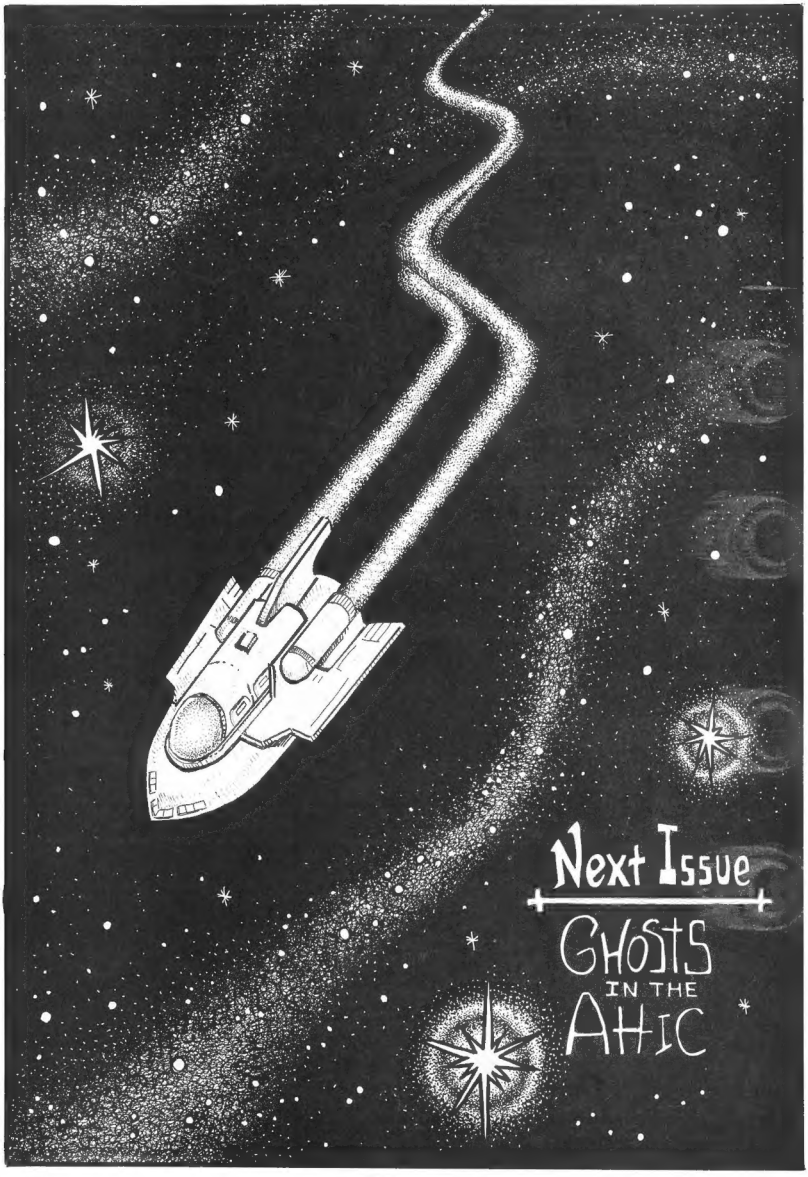
CLICK!

BY THE GODS!
I'M SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS!
RRRRR!

Sigh.

VERY WELL, CHILD.

ENJOY YOUR LITTLE VICTORY. FOR WHETHER YOU ESCAPE OR NOT,
OUR GAME HERE IS NEARLY OVER.
BE IT BY MY HAND OR BY THE KEKAKOPOLOUS.


Next Issue
GHOSTS
IN THE
ATTIC

THE CREATORS ALTERNATE UNIVERSE

THE BEST OF THE INDEPENDENTS

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A CORPORATE DRONE.

INCLUDING: JAMES OWEN'S STARCHILD, TERRY MOORE'S STRANGERS IN PARADISE, DREW HAYES' POISON ELVES, DAVID MACK'S KABUKI, PAUL POPE'S THB, COLLEEN DORAN'S A DISTANT SOIL, TERI S. WOOD'S WANDERING STAR, BATTON LASH'S WOLFF & BYRD, BC BOYER'S HILLY ROSE AND MARK CRILLEY'S AKIKO.

- **FORMAT:** the cards are UV coated on both sides.
- Each box has 36 packs; each pack has 8 cards.
- 90 cards (including check lists) featuring all new art.
- Chase cards: each creator will sign 100 of each of their cards for this set.

All images & characters are copyright & trademark their respective creators and publishers.

Missing Children
Help Center

410 Ware Blvd., Suite 400
Tampa, FL 33619
(813) 623-KIDS
1-800-USA-KIDS
(Nationwide)

JESSYCA L MULLENBERG

Non-family abduction

Abducted by

STEVEN PAUL OLIVER

JESSYCA L MULLENBERG

STEVEN PAUL OLIVER

Missing: 09/16/95 **Age Now:** 13 Yr
Missing From: EAU CLAIRE, WI
Birth: 07/01/82 **Age Disap.:** 13 Yr
Sex: F **Race:** WHITE
Height: 5'0" **Weight:** 105 lbs
Hair: BROWN **Eyes:** BROWN

Id Info: NCIC#M-865506802. Small scar/mid-forehead.

Circum: Abductor asked Jessyca's father if he could take Jessyca to the library to meet representatives from a Publishing Co. Father agreed & abductor disappeared with Jessyca.

Birth: 08/21/57
Sex: M **Race:** WHITE
Height: 5'8" **Weight:** 162 lbs
Hair: BROWN **Eyes:** BLUE

Id Info: Warrant #888551323/State of WI and #W-888570536/FBI. Pigeon toed. Glasses have thick lenses & brown tortoise frames.

Circum: Abductor said he was taking Jessica to meet Reps. from a Publishing Co. Instead, he took off with her. They have not been seen since 9/16/95.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT
Missing Children HELP Center
1-800-USA-KIDS
OR
EAU CLAIRE CTY. SHERIFF DEPT., EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN. 715/839-4701

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